

Homeward,  
Sailing toward sunset-land from wan-  
derings wide,  
Two sparrows from the shore wel-  
come us home,  
Circling above or poised upon the  
deck,  
Perchance the same that in the in-  
fant spring,  
Chirped at our door and sheeter  
sought from cold.

Thus ever woo us from the farthest  
shore  
Of lands unseen but by the eye of  
faith,  
Those long-flown winged spirits of  
our love,  
Who constant watch and ward keep  
over us,  
Eager to welcome home earth's wan-  
derers.

## "Chuff:" A Tale of Sakhalin.

BY PAUL MARCOSSON

White all over with the exception  
of his left ear and the end of his  
tail, broad betwixt the eyes, but with  
a peaked nose, rather slim legs, and  
about the size of a fox-terrier—such  
is "Chuff."

Of what particular breed or strain  
of dogs he is, I am quite unable to  
say. But he is a Giliak dog, and  
what might be called a canine expert.  
He has a record of over a hundred  
sable-skins, caught all by himself and  
brought hom to his master. He was  
wont to set off into the taiga alone,  
hunt till he caught a sable, then fetch  
brought home to his master. He was  
sable-hunter at the little native vil-  
lage of Nucharo, in the northern por-  
tion of the island of Sakhalin, taught  
him, and afterward presented him to  
a young political exile, named Grego-  
riev. And it is due to Chuff's skill  
that Gregoriev escaped from Sakha-  
lin and is now in America.

The story of Kosciuszko Gregoriev  
is not unlike that of thousands of  
others in Russia, but none the less  
pitiable on that account. He came of  
a good family in Russian Poland, and  
was a student first at Prague, after-  
ward at Moscow. About a year be-  
fore the coronation of the present  
Tsar, Nicholas II. Gregoriev, then but  
seventeen years of age, was concern-  
ed in a public demonstration which  
proved displeasing to autocratic auth-  
ority. It appears to have been lit-  
tle more than a boyish outburst of  
high spirits, such as in this country  
or in England or France, the govern-  
ment would never think of noticing.  
But not so with Russian autocracy.

For merely a few shouts in the  
streets, forty of the students were  
arrested. After examination twelve  
were tried for sedition, and five re-  
ceived life sentences, three to Sredni  
Kolymsk, "the dreariest place on  
earth," north of the arctic circle, in  
Siberia, and two to the island of Sak-  
halin. Gregoriev was one of the lat-  
ter.

Order is heaven's first law, and  
laws must be enforced. But even to  
the most staunch advocate of law and  
order there is something abhorrent in  
thus blighting five young lives for  
an offense so trivial. A life sentence  
to Sredni Kolymsk, or to Sakhalin,  
is worse than death.

Gregoriev's companion in exile,  
Kristan Merroe, committed suicide by  
jumping from the convict transport,  
Yaroslav, while it was on the way  
from Castrles Bay to Alexandrovsk  
in Sakhalin.

After his arrival at Alexandrovsk,  
Gregoriev was first confined in the  
"testing prison," so called for four  
weeks, then put at hard labor; in  
fact, it would be better to call it  
inhuman labor. He was set to tow  
logs for a distance of seven miles  
along the beach, having to wade in  
the sea. The logs were from the

forest to the north of the town, and  
were used for building new stock-  
ades. His load was three logs, drawn  
by a rope over his shoulders. Al-  
ways the water was knee-deep, often  
waist-deep, and this in October, when  
in Sakhalin the temperature is but  
a few degrees above frost.

A guard with loaded carbine walk-  
ed along the beach with orders to  
make him hasten, and shoot him if he  
attempted to escape.

This is not, as some might be led  
to suppose, a fanciful picture of Rus-  
sian inhumanity but is quoted from an  
attested statement of the manner in  
which prisoners are treated at Alex-  
androvsk.

Wholly unused to such hardship,  
Gregoriev fell ill on the third day  
of a throat trouble, with fever; but  
after lying unattended for a day in  
his cell, was summoned before the  
prison superintendent, charged with  
feigning illness. This official was  
none other than the notorious Pat-  
rin, whose name has grown infamous  
for cruelty in both hemispheres.

Yet he seems to have been a man  
approved by the Russian government,  
since it was Patrin whom the Japan-  
ese found in charge of the Sakhalin  
prisons when they captured the island  
in June last.

Patrin is described as a huge man,  
six feet three inches in height and  
weighing two hundred and thirty  
pounds. Allowance must ever be  
made for an official who has to deal  
with hardened criminals. There is  
abundant evidence, however, that this  
man, Patrin, habitually perpetrated  
needless cruelties, and was a ruffian  
worse than those over whom he ruled.  
Yet avarice rather than cruelty is  
the dominant trait of his nature. The  
most astonishing stories are told of  
his greed for money.

Translated into English, the fol-  
lowing is said to have been what  
passed between Patrin and the young  
convict:

"You think to impose on me?"  
"But I am indeed ill!"  
"Shirker!"  
"The work is beyond my strength;  
I am unused to anything like it. I  
cannot endure the chill. I was numb  
from cold all day."

Patrin rose deliberately and took  
a step forward. "You say that to  
me!"

"Only give me work that I can  
do."

"Hold your tongue!"

"I would rather die than walk in  
that cold water again."

Thereupon Patrin struck him in the  
face with his fist, knocking him down.

For some moments Gregoriev lay  
senseless, but was roused by kicks  
from the two soldiers who had  
brought him up to the chief's room.

He regained his feet. Patrin stood  
regarding him with a scornful smile.  
But there is a point at which human  
nature turns desperate. Hoping that  
they would kill him on the spot, and  
making little doubt that they would  
do so, Gregoriev sprang suddenly at  
the chief, and clutching both hands to  
his beard, thrust him backward with  
all his strength. Patrin shouted to  
the guards; but Gregoriev had him  
going rapidly backward. To the left  
of the table was an open doorway,  
and just outside this a flight of stairs  
leading down to the street, where,  
as it chanced, three horses stood  
saddled. Before the guards could  
seize him, Gregoriev pushed the gi-  
gantic body of the chief through the  
doorway. The next instant they both  
went headlong down the flight of  
stairs, carrying one of the soldiers  
with them. Such was the impetus of  
their fall that Gregoriev shot under  
the belly of one of the horses, land-  
ing in the street beyond the animal.  
The soldier's carbine flew clear over  
the horse's back. Patrin himself  
had fallen underneath the other two,  
bellowing for help and threatening  
them all.

Leaping to his feet, Gregoriev  
snatched up the carbine, his first fur-  
ious instinct being to shoot Patrin.  
Wild thoughts of escape then flashed  
into his mind. He turned, and see-

ing the stockade gate open, made a  
dash for it.

The soldier who fell with them had  
broken his leg; the other rushed down  
the stairs and fired as Gregoriev ran  
out at the gate. A sentry at the far  
corner of the stockade also fired, see-  
ing a convict running toward the  
woods. More than a dozen shots were  
discharged after the fugitive, but evi-  
dently with bad aim.

Gregoriev reached the border of the  
forest which still surrounds Alexand-  
rovsk; and although the whole gar-  
rison was turned out, he got away  
to fast and far that they failed to  
overtake him. The magazine of the  
carbine which had so fortuitously  
fallen into his hands contained five  
ball cartridges. Strange to say, too,  
the intense excitement of his adven-  
ture with Patrin appeared to act as  
a cure to his illness!

Ultimately, he made his way to a  
village of Giliaks, in the north part  
of the island, nearly two hundred  
miles from Alexandrovsk; and with  
these people he lived for two years.

The dog Chuff was given him by an  
old Giliak hunter of the village, who  
had trained him from a puppy.

With the possession of Chuff, Grego-  
riev began life as a sable-hunter;  
and gradually, as he accumulated  
these beautiful peltries, the hope that  
he might use them as a means of  
escape took root in his mind.

His assiduity as a hunter now knew  
no bounds. Throughout the winter,  
intense as was the cold there, he  
ranged the taiga, penetrating moun-  
tain fastnesses of the interior where  
even the hardy natives had never  
gone. They called him the tireless  
one. Chuff also appeared to imbibe  
something of the high, ambitious spir-  
it of his master. One day he caught  
three sables.

As a result of his two winters' hunt-  
ing with Chuff, Gregoriev had ninety-  
three skiffs, each stretched on a thin  
strip of fir wood.

But how was he to escape from this  
isolated hyperborean island, surround-  
ed by stormy seas, since no one was  
permitted to leave at the ports of  
Dul and Alexandrovsk, save by official  
permit?

The plan Gregoriev finally resort-  
ed to was to disguise himself as a  
Giliak hunter and apply to the prison  
chief in person, relying on a bribe  
of sable-skins to obtain the necessary  
permission. That he dared approach  
Patrin again after the asperities of  
their last meeting speaks much for  
the boldness and resolution of Grego-  
riev's character.

His two year's residence among the  
Giliaks, however, had enabled him to  
simulate the bearing and dress of a  
Giliak hunter to perfection. He had  
picked up their language; and by  
this time his hair had grown long and  
shaggy. By making use of a deco-  
ration of oak bark, he stained his skin  
to look like the native's, and prac-  
tised protruding his lips, after the  
manner of these people.

Having resolved to make the ven-  
ture, he journeyed down to the vicin-  
ity of Alexandrovsk with a dog-team,  
and as a precautionary measure, con-  
cealed his furs in the forest, a lit-  
tle way outside the town. After this,  
with Chuff at his heels, he loafed  
about the place for some days, pro-  
fessing to understand but a word or  
two of Russian.

At last, hearing one morning that  
Patrin was giving audience to the  
prisoners and others, Gregoriev went  
with them up-stairs to the same room  
which he and the chief had left so  
unceremoniously two years before.

Patrin was sitting at a table, and  
scarcely looked up. He had grown  
stouter, and his manner to the con-  
victs was even more overbearing than  
of old. For some time Gregoriev  
stood regarding him with curious sen-  
sations of repulsion and hatred; but  
when his turn came, speaking in Gili-  
ak, he proffered a request for a per-  
mit to visit some Giliaks of his tribe  
at Yezo.

"What's that?" growled Patrin.  
"Speak Russian."

A soldier of the guard standing by,

who had been among the Giliaks, in-  
terpreted what Gregoriev had said.

But without waiting to hear more  
than a few words of it, Patrin cried,  
"Get out!" evidently unwilling to  
trouble himself about the matter.

Thereupon Gregoriev retired meek-  
ly, but beckoning the soldier outside,  
bade him tell the chief that he would  
give him twenty-five sable-skins for a  
permit.

Patrin appears to have found this  
of greater interest, for presently, as  
Gregoriev lingered about, the soldier  
came after him to say that if he would  
fetch in twenty-five sable-skins, the  
permit would be forthcoming.

The next day this curious kind of  
official transaction was accomplished;  
and about a week later the pretended  
Giliak secured passage for himself  
and Chuff on a Japanese fishing ves-  
sel from Dul to Yezo.

From Yezo—using his furs to pay  
their way—they voyaged to Kobe,  
and thence to Yokohama.

At Yokohama Gregoriev disposed of  
his remaining sixty odd sables for  
the sum of eleven hundred dollars,  
and immediately took passage on the  
Pacific mail-steamer, Korea, for San  
Francisco.

Thus he escaped from Sakhalin; but  
it was little Chuff who had made it  
possible for him.

In America, Kosciuszko Gregoriev  
may begin life anew without reference  
to the past. Indeed, he has already  
done so in San Francisco; but I am  
not so sure about Chuff. When I saw  
him the little dog wore a somewhat  
bored and listless air, as of one whose  
occupation is gone. I fancy that he  
would much prefer catching sables  
in Sakhalin. But, alas! there are no  
sables in America, although I have  
little doubt that the high forests of  
the Sierra Nevadas and the whole  
Rocky Mountain range, from Wyom-  
ing northward to Alaska, would prove  
a favorable habitat for them.

And why not? Who will be public-  
spirited enough to import half a dozen  
pairs of sables from Siberia, and set  
them free in these regions of Amer-  
ica? It might prove the beginning  
of a great fur industry for the future.  
—Youth's Companion.

### TOWBOAT TO OPEN CHANNEL.

On the Drina, a stream of the Danu-  
bian system, originated one of the  
most interesting customs of the Aus-  
trian towboats, that of carrying their  
own "ready repair" appliances with  
them for opening the channel. Tow-  
boats in that stream were  
so often caught behind shift-  
ing bars that some ingeni-  
ous captain bethought himself of car-  
rying at his bow a big harrow, on a  
chain, with which to encourage a chan-  
nel deepening. One sees them every-  
where now where there is danger of  
slack water. Out on the bowsprit, in-  
stead of the usual anchor ready to  
be tripped at the first sign of trouble,  
hangs a great iron rake or harrow,  
with a massive frame and with  
spikes or teeth a-foot in length and  
made of heavy iron bar sharpened  
at the point.

When the towboat, advancing up  
stream—and sometimes, also, coming  
down—finds ahead of her, either by  
sounding from a skiff or by advor-  
tently running against it, a new bar,  
the tow is anchored, the line releas-  
ed and the steamboat steams to the  
attack. The harrow is advanced as  
far as possible by means of a lighter  
or is dropped directly from the bow  
of the steamer, and then the steam-  
boat backs up at full power and drags  
the harrow through the bar.

Any one familiar with the case with  
which a swift river follows up such  
a stirring and erodes its own bot-  
tom, will appreciate the result of the  
scheme. In a short time the channel  
is cut through to the necessary  
depth, the rake is hoisted in, the tow  
picked up and the steamboat pro-  
ceeds on a sufficient way. It is really  
not very different from the Wells  
scraper with which the Mississippi  
was opened to St. Paul about 1870.—  
Boston Transcript.